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cover: PooKA photo by Valerie Phillips

**Issue # 54** 



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## firstofall:

cover: POOKA

Pooka release their second album on September 22nd. On Island Records' Trade 2 label it's entitled Spinning and finds one-time Nottingham-based duo Sharon Lewis and Natasha Jones augmented by Steve Lamb on bass and PJ Harvey's drummer Rob Ellis with producer Joe Leach trying out some experimental recording techniques. An ep featuring the track Mean Girl from the album along with three other exclusive tracks is also

Meantime they appear live at Sam Fay's on Tues 30th September. Support comes from turbo cabaret combo Christian & Damian's Nova Lounge and sleazadelic Dream City Film Club whose debut album is out now as is an ep If I Die, I Die both on Beggars Banquet.



Other Seed cassettes is the brain-child of improvised musician and "arch prince of weirdness " Stream Angel. All titles feature himself either solo or in collaboration with like minded souls like "the wild man of lo-fi" Stewart Walden, Neil Campbell aka Penile McBall and Dylan Bates aka Geoffrey Sick. Inane soundscapes and Dada sound montages include The A-Band (pictured above and who now have an album available on cd), Gay Animal Women, The Keaston Pils (formerly The L.A. Goons— "Morecambe and Wise on mushrooms meet Wildman Fischer in a session produced by the Bash Street Kids "- and Lurid & The Velvet Underpants ), "free-jazz terrorists The Inspectors, Lazarus Link-Up and Little Lord Fred. The A-Band was, and probably stil is, a loose collective of noise activists whose music has been described as "Spazzrock, a cross between Jazz and Space Rock" and " musical therapy for social misfits". They always appeared under a different name beginning with the letter 'A', e.g Artex, Alot, Anglegrinder, Arnus (their tribute to Sun Ra which saw them banned from performing at The Old Angel because it gave the bouncer a headache!) with never the same line-up, one member even refusing to perform unless there was someone on stage who had never been in the band before. In any case they brought much mayhem, music, mania and mirth to Nottingham during the late 80's early 90's and generally took the piss out of music, venue managers, promoters, the audience and themselves (who often were the

audience) pulling stunts like burning their hair off on stage, advertising a gig at one venue but performing at another, a gig which consisted of the sound of setting up the gear and then packing it away (don't buy that tape) and naked fire breathing, which got them banned from the Kool Kat nightclub but not before starting a small bonfire on the dancefloor with an A0-size Nirvana poster and a dummy's head soaked in lighter fuel thus causing panic amongst the bouncers who tried to put it out using powder extinguishers for electrical fires, resulting in a surreal situation where the top half of the club was filled with black smoke while the bottom half was covered in white powder! As Stream says in the notes about a now deleted LP of two Aband gigs: "The Artex side is totally stunning and innovative— the A-band at their most adventurous moving from cosmic free jazz to Space Rock to Buddhist style chants to total weirdness. The Alot side is an absolute racket.' And Overall once said of the Keaston Pils' Best Of... album: "If Spike Milligan had fronted The Fall, some of it might sound like this," to which he adds, "Proving conclusively that humour DOES belong in music." Nowhere will you find such a unique body of work comprising those two extremes of genius, sheer brilliance and absolute bollocks. Contact Stream Angel, 18a Addison Street., Arboretum, NOTTINGHAM NG1 4GY. See also demolition.

Fed up of broken promises from record labels, Northampton's Collide decided to form their own. Coincidental records is the label and their debut ep I Climb The Walls contains four tracks. tel. 01933 317012.

Senza Misura have changed their name to Bombscare. With the addition of ex-Iron Monkey bass-player Steve Watson to their lineup which and Kevin Watts from The Varukers on drums the name change is to reflect their more explosive direction. Watch out for them in the Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands at Sam Fay's where they have already won their first heat.

Roadrunner releases this month include Life Of Agony's third album Soul Searching Sun (Sept. 15th) preceded by a single Weeds; then Beyond Planet Earth the second from Shelter (22nd) with a tour later in Autumn; Bennett scrape the mud off their boots and offer a new single I Like Rock which is what happens when you play too many festivals (22nd); Sparks have signed to Roadrunner and have re-recorded some of their best known songs with the help of people like Erasure and Jimmy Somerville who features on the first single release The Number One Song In Heaven taken from their forthcoming album Plagiarism which includes their classic This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us radically reworked by Faith No More.

Internationally renowned eastern European folk act Muzsikás have a new album Morning Star which appears on Sept 8th. on Hannibal records. Their star soloist Márta Sebesteyén, who has achieved world-wide recognition for her vocal talents, sang on Deep Forest's Grammywinning Boheme album and on the soundtrack to the Oscar-winning film The English Patient

Now 97 is the eighth Festival of Art for Today and it begins in Nottingham on 0ct.18th for one month. Placing an emphasis on the experimental in technology and performance it brings together commercial artists with radical, cutting edge artists unafraid to employ today's technology. This year's festival includes work on the internet, virtual reality, Quick Time VR, photography, digital audio and film technology. It celebrates the best in contemporary performance, visual art, dance, new music, digital imagery and new technology. In the field of music Digital Clubbing 2 brings together Hex, Coldcut, DJ

Food and Funky Porcini in one explosive bill which will take place in The Bomb, Nottingham's newest nightclub, whilst Autechre and Zoviet:France have an Adventure In Modern Music. Experimental theatre company Forced Entertainment team up with photographer Hugo Glendenning to present Frozen Places using Quick Time VR software. Following sell out performances in Europe Gob Squad present their first theatre work Close Enough To Kiss, Sarah Tutt creates a work using stairs in an old stone shopping arcade and Desperate Optimists premiere a new work Stalking Realities. Technology and visual art come together in Jez Noond's Seven Degrees Of Freedom which employs VR to recreate a number of infamous prison cells from around the world. There will be several sites around the city offering access to the internet. Dance events bring together Bi Ma Dance Company and photographer Chris Nash, while Jonzi D's latest hip hop dance theatre Lyrical Feata features DJ Pogo and his jazz band. Watch out for these and many more innovative events taking place in all manner of sites from traditional theatres and galleries to the more unusual places like pubs, clubs and shopping centres.

#### FREEFORALL

Would you like to win a copy of Mix Heaven 97 featuring Rosie Gaines, Howard B, Pizzaman, BT, ETA, Chicane, New Yorican Soul, Blueboy, the Source with exclusive house mixes of Jamiroquai, Michael Jackson, Celine Dion and many more making a total of 37 tracks guaranteed to rock your party all mixed to perfection by the Strike team? Well, five lucky people will. All you have to do is send your name and address on a postcard to Mix Heaven 97 Competition, c/o Overall and the first five out of the mailbag will receive a copy.

We also have five copies of the Dream City Film Club debut album on Beggars Banquet to give away. All you have to do is tell us where they got their name from. First out of the bag will also receive a free ticket to see them at live Sam Fay's on Tues 30th Sept.

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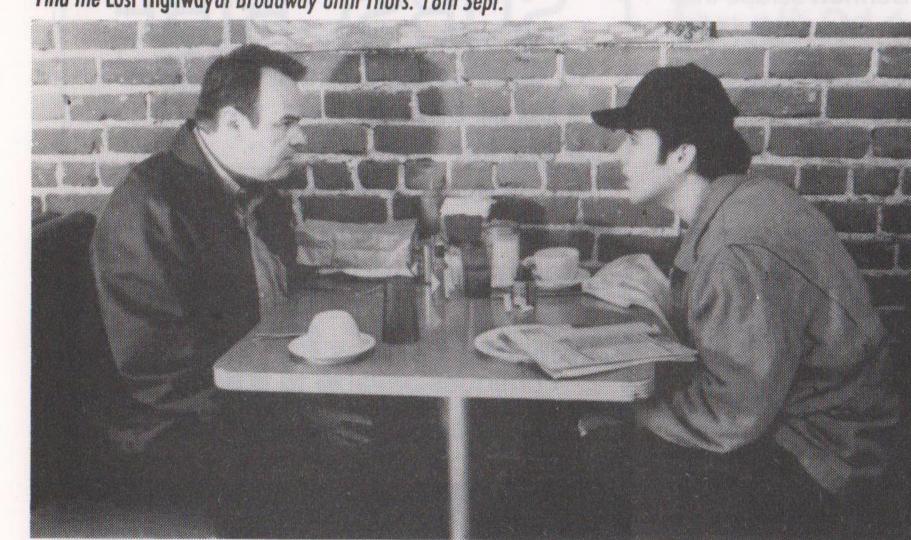
LOST HIGHWAY dir. David Lynch

Satirising and celebrating both the banal and brutal side of Americana, David Lynch care's not for coherent storylines nor for conventional plot structures. instead he digs around in the mind's deepest recesses and extracts contorted, contradictory dream images that either prove powerfully stimulating or puzzlingly oblique. Lost Highway, his first film since the ill-advised though underrated *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* maintains this approach to produce an eccentric tale of erotic anguish.

In the slo-o-o-ow opening scenes, jazz saxophonist Fred (Bill Pullman) and his icy wife Renee (Patricia Arquette) are the recipients of a series of video tapes each one more sinister and nasty than the last. Eventually something snaps and Fred finds himself convicted of his wife's murder and sentenced to die in the electric chair, and things get very weird. Somehow Fred is suddenly transformed into Pete (Balthazar Getty), a young garage mechanic who services the car of the violent, volatile gangster Mr. Eddy (Robert Loggia) whilst simultaneously making out with the guy's desensitized girlfriend Alice (Arquette again, back now as a bleached blonde).

Occasionally these two separate sets of characters are linked together through names, faces, photos and flashbacks, but still it is hard to find clues to the conundrum, even at its conclusion. Lynch may ask questions about the nature of identity and poke fun at the human psyche, yet he still resolutely refuses to open up his work to easy interpretations. However Lost Highway is far from a road to nowhere and it is surprising, in this post-Tarantino all-talkie world, just how refreshing it is to hear stilted dialogue, eerie silences and an unsettling soundtrack. Performances range from the muted (Arquette, Pullman) to sympathetic (Getty) to the road rage manic (Loggia) while the most disturbing and disquieting threat emanates from a malevolent mystery man (Robert Blake). Henry Rollins, Richard Pryor, Marilyn Manson and Jack 'Eraserhead' Nance all contribute brief cameo appearances and This Mortal Coil's Song To The Siren provides the main recurring musical motif. The design is predictably stark and stylised, the lighting almost non-existent; in every sense this is a dark film. Overlong, perhaps, and at times undoubtedly tedious but you will still see nothing like it this year. Kiss me deadly.

Hank Quinlan Find the Lost Highway at Broadway until Thurs. 18th Sept.



#### **GROSSE POINT BLANK**

In this hugely enjoyable film, co-writer and actor John Cusack plays Martin Blank, a hit-man with the dubious claim to fame of being the man who killed the president of Paraguay with a fork. He is cold, slick and professional but lacks motivation for his work. He sees a shrink (Alan Arkin) who fails to raise his spirits and even a keen rival called Grocer (Dan Ackroyd) has no joy in persuading martin to agree to a plan whereby they work together. Blank in fact chooses to go to his high-school reunion with an en route execution job planned and arranged for him by his hard-working PA Marcella (Ms Joan Cusack). Once he reaches his reunion in Grosse Point, Michigan, he meets up with long-lost sweetheart Debi (Minnie Driver) who has become a local DJ but has to dodge the attentions of other hitmen who happen to be in the area. Grosse Point Blank is an hilariously dark comedy with some wonderful dialogue which comes courtesy of a four-man writing team: Tom Jankiewicz, DV De Vincentis, Steve Pink, and Cusack himself. It was directed by George Armitage of Miami Blues fame and includes a first-rate indie music score put together by Joe Strummer. The film gets off to an excellent start, combining neat performances with some wonderful timing and crackling lines, and, although it dips slightly in the middle, rouses to a superb finish. Cusack hasn't been this good since The Grifters, and Ackroyd hasn't been in such a good film since The Blues Brothers or Trading Places. Matt Arnoldi Grosse Point Blank hits Broadway Fri 19th - Thurs 25th Sept.

#### THE FULL MONTY

The hit British movie that is moving mountains in the States at the moment, The Full Monty is a Sheffield-based feelgood comedy is directed with rightful conviction by Peter Catteneo. It has been likened to last year's hit Brassed Off and is doing so well in the states that it is being elevated to the same league as Four Weddings And A Funeral. the reason for such euphoria is that The Full Monty is not only very funny but one of those unique movies which goes down equally well with both men and women.

Robert Carlyle (Begbie in Trainspotting) plays the lead as Gaz, a Sheffield steelworker who, together with a few pals and his old foreman Gerald, is laid off from his job. With unemployment high and few coins in their pockets and the local Job Club offering few prospects of a brighter future, morale is low. that is until our Gaz hits upon the idea of forming a cut-price version of the Chippendales. they go down a storm with the ladies at a local nightclub on a Friday night. his mates think he's mad but once he persuades Gerald ( who knows a few dance steps) to go along with it, auditions begin and the idea takes form. Gerald, Gaz, a suicidal security guard, a well-endowed handyman and an old geezer who can strut 'the funky chicken' offer one thing the Chippendales aren't prepared to — "the full Monty". It's the best these men can offer, the shirt off their backs and their Y-fronts down, too, in return for an honest wage.

With a Simon Beaufoy script full of sharp jokes and affectionate Northern jibes, *The Full Monty* is a laugh-aminute. Carlyle is excellent in the lead role, Tom Wilkinson plays Gerald with believable depth while Mark Ady plays, to great effect, the shy, overweight and sensitive member of the troupe who is reluctance personified when it comes to the eve of the big performance.

The Full Monty doesn't carry the same political anger as Brassed Off, but really is very funny and beautifully played by the assorted company.

#### **EVENT HORIZON dir. Paul Anderson**

They tell us the year is 2047 yet this doesn't feel like the future; it feels just like a film you've seen before and are about to see again. Alien, Hellraiser, Ice Station Zebra, any old haunted house movie; they're all here in the melting pot, reheated and rehashed in big budget sci-fi horror style. Laurence Fishburn and Sam Neil head a team of stereotypical space truckers on a mission to salvage a prototype spaceship, the Event Horizon of the title that seven years earlier had mysteriously vanished without trace. Once on board clues to the original crew's untimely demise begin to emerge and quickly it becomes clear that the same hellish fate awaits the ship's new inhabitants. In fact it becomes all too clear all too quickly as the tension and more interesting elements of psychological terror are replaced by a typical unimaginative horror slug-fest. Event Horizon is far from the worst of this summer's looks-pretty-but-forget-the-plot films and as its makers rightly claim, there is no alien monster around to use as an easy and obvious target. But stripped of its eye-popping special effects, stunning pull-back shots and sci-fi trappings, this is just The Mary Celeste in space. Alien took similar influences but twisted the tale to good effect and reinvented the genre. Twenty years later Event Horizon looks tired and stale and buy inference, sci-fi movies in general are in desperate need of a radical revamp. The future is out there, it's frightening and full of dumb, wise-cracking Americans. HQ



#### THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS dir. Sidney Lumet

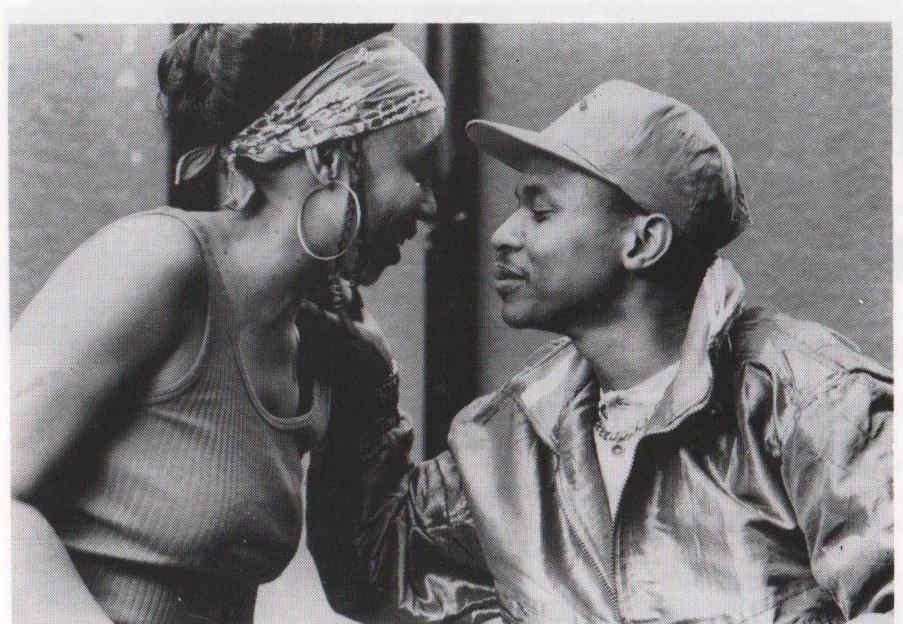
Made in 1965, shot in black and white on grainy film stock and cast entirely with non-actors, *The Battle Of Algiers* is one of the most powerful and overtly political films ever made. with detailed documentary precision and raw, gutsy authenticity it focuses on a specific period in Algerian history, the guerilla struggle against their french colonial oppressors. Between 1954 and 1962 the revolutionaries took control of the Casbah and transformed random criminality into a highly focused and forceful campaign. Caught up in riveting crowd scenes, street battles and frighteningly realistic bombings it is impossible not to be moved. But the film is no simplistic goody and baddy polemic. both sides are shown in the cold light of day with the emphasis on the tactics they use and the methods they employ. In fact the American Black Panther movement was so impressed that *The Battle Of Algiers* was used to teach urban guerrilla warfare to its trainees. This is the textbook for modern political film-making and the bench-mark by which others are judged and found wanting.

HQ
The Battle Of Algiers commences on Fri 19th Sept at Broadway.

#### SELECT HOTEL

This French drama selects a Parisian squat as the home for a brother and sister (Jean-Michel Fete and Julie Gayet) who are into burglary, drugs and prostitution. When someone's apartment is ransacked, the owner sets out to track down the perpetrators. The brother and sister team are soon targeted and sparks fly as class differences are exposed. It's a low-key film revealing the desperation in the lives of those caught in in a spiral of low-level crime and drug dependency.

MA
Select Hotel steals into Broadway Fri 10th-Thurs 16th Oct.



JUMP THE GUN

Another British director Les Blair brought us the passable British comedy Bad Behaviour some years ago. As a directorhe is very much in the Mike Leigh mould, placing importance on intensive rehearsal and improvisational acting techniques to come up with a suitable and authentic script. This time Les Blair has travelled further afield to bring us a drama about life in present-day South Africa. It focuses on the lives of six working class characters, both black and white, and charts their plight in the brave new apartheid-free world nurtured by President Mandela. Occasionally contrived and perhaps a little too long, Jump The Gun is worthwhile if you fancy seeing a frank and intelligent film that grasps the preoccupations of those trying to make their way in the new South Africa. It's also a lot better than the recent Johannesburg thriller Dangerous Ground.

Jump The Gun at Broadway Mon 22nd - Thurs 25th Sept.

#### THE SWEET HEREAFTER

Atom Egoyan's latest is a departure from his previous efforts (*The Adjuster, Exotica, Calendar*) as in the past he has adapted his own screenplays. Here he takes a Russell Banks novel as the subject for his film, one which Banks himself considered the least adaptable of his novels. In terms of the plot, think of the tragedies which have affected whole communities like Hungerford or Dunblane. In *The Sweet Hereafter* a small town has to come to terms with a coach accident in which a large number of it's children are killed. But what was seen as simply an unfortunate accident is complicated by the arrival of a big-city lawyer who stirs up the community with legal talk blaming the bus driver who has survived the accident. The road to healing can only be paved with bitterness unless someone stops the lawyer from carrying out his work. Will anyone stand up and question the motives of this demonstrative stranger?

Quietly emotive, The Sweet Hereafter jumps between different time zones and different characters as it steadily builds up a rounded view of events. At the heart of it all, actors Ian Holm, Sarah Polley, Maury Chaykin and Bruce Greenwood give layered and convincing performances. Certain parts are sensitively handled while other ideas seem a touch understated, but Egoyan's film won this year's International Critics prize at Cannes with just cause. It's an intelligently perceptive film which concentrates on the complexities of character as it explores the aftermath to a devastating local tragedy. MA

The Sweet Hereafter can be seen at Broadway until Thurs 9th Sept.

**AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY** 

The star of Wayne's World, Mike Myers, turns his varied talents to the intrigues of international espionage playing both a goofy superstud British spy Austin Powers and his dastardly terrorist target, the wonderfully camp Dr. Evil, in this hilarious comedy spoof which also stars Liz Hurley. Swinging 60's spy and part-time fashion photographer Powers is frozen cryogenically only to be thawed back to life in the 90's to seek and thwart the evil Dr Evil who has threatened to do away with mankind unless he is paid a large sum. Hurley plays Powers' lithe assistant putting up in the PC 90's with her bosses sexist 60's jargon — " do you want to shag now or later? — and his use of words like 'fab' and 'groovy'. The clash between the two is superbly funny, even if Hurley's Sloane accent detracts from her (for once) better-than-wooden acting. Myers meanwhile dominates the film as writer/actor/producer. Not all his jokes come off, but most do. Look out for some original sequences as he and Liz use hotel objects to innovative effect as, both nude, they protect their modesty with hilarious timing. Dr. Evil and his incongruous, grunge-loving son also share some wonderfully funny exchanges. It's wacky, wild, upbeat but slight, and intellectuals may not beat a path to the door, but if you want a little light relief Mike Myers-style, take time out— you won't be disappointed.

AIRFORCE ONE

In Wolfgang Petersen's thriller Harrison Ford plays a no-nonsense US president shaken up by a gang of Nationalist terrorists from Kazakstan who hijack the president's aircraft as he is returning to the States after a meeting with the Soviets. Led by a passionate revolutionary Gary Oldman, the hijackers fail to capture the president but take his wife and daughter hostage who, together with the rest of the entourage are held to ransom in a bid to release a rebel leader from prison. Conveniently the president has a military background and must remember all his old skills if he is to defeat his chilling adversary. In support Glenn Close in the role of a shocked Vice-President required to run the country in Ford's absence. Naturally it all ends in fisticuffs and a few shennannigans in the Mile High club but the whole thing is neatly pulled together by director Petersen who is rejoined here by actor Jurgen Prochnow, star of Petersen's excellent screen debut Das Boot. There are one or two embarrassing echoes of Independence Day as jingoism and US flag-waving bravery take over, but for the most part Air Force One still provides plenty of nail-biting inflight fare. The big question is—will the airlines show it?

MA

Air Force One takes off nationwide Sept 12th.

NIGHT FALLS ON MANHATTAN dir. Sidney Lumet

At 73 perhaps it is time the sun set on Sidney Lumet's long and varied career but still, here he is again, up to his neck in crime, cops and corruption with yet another assault on America's judicial system. Twelve Angry Men, Serpico, Dog Day Afternoon, Prince Of The City, The Verdict and Q&A are just some of the brilliant which made the veteran director's name, so he knows the territory well. Perhaps too well, for if there is a problem with Night Falls On Manhattan it's that he brings little that's fresh and original to the subject matter. This time it's Andy Garcia as a squeaky clean prosecuting attorney struggling with divided loyalties, moral dilemmas and pressures on his own professional integrity. Ian Holm impresses as his father, an old street cop gone to seed, while Ron Liebman steals the show as a sharp, scathing, unscrupulous DA. Other characters though are badly under-written, and all too often the film skates along on surface detail without ever really getting under the skin. Even the court-room scenes for which Lumet is duly famed are lacking the spark of other recent efforts such as TV's Murder One. There's no doubt that this is a finely crafted film and for Lumet a solid if unspectacular return to form, but approach it with too high expectations and you are sure to be disappointed.

WORKING: My Life As A Prostitute by Dolores French (Vista £5.99)

Dolores French is one dedicated woman. Originally becoming a prostitute by standing in for a courtesan friend, she subsequently explored all aspects of "the life" as she moved from being an escort agency "model" to working in a Puerto Rican brothel, then as a street walker, and even having her own window in Amsterdam's famous red light diistrict and her own agency in Atlanta. She writes frankly of her experiences and of the somtimes bizarre services requested of her, and some of her insights into human nature make professional psychologists seem shallow in comparison. Her comparisons between the men of different nations are particularly enlightening.

In her time she has come across probably the smallest dick in the world ("it was more like bumping into someone in a lift than having sex") and possibly the largest (" the only freebie I ever gave"). Emphasising the importance of prostitution as a social service and highlighting the ignorance of society in general, and the weakness of the authorities in particular, with many policeman being portrayed as pathetic slobs picking on working women as an easy way to fill their arrest sheets, this is a highly educational book for anyone with an open mind. After attending several court cases involving prostitutes she began to campaign for the decriminalisation of prostitution and founded the first prostitutes union, HIRE (Hooking Is Real Employment). It turns out there are some 1,700,000 prostitutes working in the USA. She was the first to speak out for them with a ground-breaking appearance on a prime time TV talk show. Anyone expecting a promise of promiscuity or a cheap thrill—you have no idea. Working illustrates how prostitutes were years ahead of the government when it came to AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases, and some of the passages in this book should be used for the purposes of health education and AIDS awareness. She also explains a canny prostitutes' trick which involves hiding a condom in the mouth and "blowing" it onto a client's penis, of whom apparently only about one in twenty actually notice! It saved her life on at least one occasion. For anyone currently practising or even considering taking up the world's oldest profession, this book is an invaluable guide, especially for the health and equally important safety aspects. The rigorous screening of clients by agencies makes credit control companies seem

Although prostitution is still illegal she uses a working name and was only arrested once, one of the most amusing episodes in the book when she was streets ahead of the inept Vice Squad who managed to infringe the law several times while trumping up desperately obscure charges against her, since she had actually done nothing illegal. This led to her marriage to a criminal defence lawyer, a very understanding chap. She was eventually appointed to the Mayor's Task Force on Prostitution in her home town of Atlanta where she continues to work at her chosen career to this day.

Christine Chapel

THAT YELLOW BASTARD: A TALE FROM SIN CITY by Frank Miller (Titan Books limited Edition hardback £16.99 out now. Softback £12.99 out 3rd Oct.)

It's back to Sin City where tough cop Lieutenant John Hartigan is one hour from retirement but still as dedicated as ever, which is why he goes after someone the rest of the force would rather ignore, even at the beginning of their career. Junior is the sickfuck paedophile son of a powerful, corrupt senator who protects his son from the law. Junior has a history of raping and torturing children and Hartigan's been tipped off that he's just kidnapped 11 year-old Nancy Callahan. With the single-mindedness of the Caped Crusader, 60 year-old angina sufferer Hartigan goes after the yellow bastard to save the girl's life. That's when his troubles really begin as his partner's advice to leave it alone becomes a sinister warning. Hardly has he blown Junior's hand and dick off than he himself is taking in more lead than Al Pacino at the end of Scarface — and he was short of breath anyway. Soon he has plenty of time to wonder why he was kept alive as he sacrifices everything to save Nancy's life.

This sickening, sadomasochistic story, starkly illustrated in brutal black and white imagery contains an uncompromising ugliness. It's basically a good versus evil yarn but the subversive Frank Miller suckers you into Sin City then stretches the imagination with this sexagenarian superhero Hartigan who appears indestructible in the face of some lethal situations. Quite a thriller that leaves a wry smile on your face and dry bile in your mouth.

THE X FILES: Internal Affairs by John Rozum

The X-Files in comic book format gives the ghoulsome twosome the usual kind of cases to deal with although they are all new stories not adapted from the never-ending tv series. There aren't any humorous stories in this book, unlike the previous Night Lights which had it's hilarious moments. But it has Mulder and Scully's usual dry exchanges, even better if you imagine their voices, and there's Scully's usual forensic fortitude: "There were extreme traces of epinephrine and a massive vasovagal reaction that triggered a myocardial infarction."

"So what did he die of?"

Fear."

There are four shorts here, about a dead organ donor who comes back to reclaim what's his, an Hawaiian poltergeist, a vampiric overcoat and a doctor who cuts off his nose to spite his aliens. But there are no aliens and no clues to any of the unexplained bits of the tv episodes. I suppose that's because the truth is out there; it's certainly not in here.

cc

## FRIEL CIRCUIT

#### SEPTEMBER 1997

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DREAM CITY FILM CLUB

friday 5th **EARTHLIFE / SLIP ON SOUND** 

Nottingham the Old angel DIY

Dubbkle Bubble **SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS** 

**EASY PIECES** Radford Marquis deLorne AMERICAN GRAFFITI

The Skyy Club STAN E / SKYWALKER / DEAN / FLUX Hands Up

PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES / THE DB'S

**Derby** The Victoria

saturday 6th THE IAN HUNTER BAND

Nottingham the Running horse **HUGE BABY / MANGACIDE** Disco II The Alas Smith & Drive Tour

FISH Rock City AMANDA / HEN / LYNDA

SUZY CREAMCHEESE Giggle Skyy Club DEEP

Whispers PERFORMANCE

Radford Marquis de lorne FRANK WHITE BAND

**Derby** The Flowerpot NO MORE HEROES The Victoria

THE WALKABOUTS Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 7th **HOMEBAKED/TWIN CACTUS** 

THE GROOVE BOOTY/ ODDBALL Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands Nottingham Sam Fay's

LEE MACK Just the Tonic THE FOOTWARMERS JUBA

The Bell Inn **FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN** The Golden Fleece

**CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND** The Running horse

photo: Cliff Bevan **TEDDY FULLICK** with RACHAEL PENNELL **Radford** Marquis de Lorne

SERVE CHILLED The Skyy Club **JEZ LUTON & PETE MORTON** Leics The Vaults

The Running Horse CONDENSER

Derby The Victoria

monday 8th THE OMEGA BAND

Nottm The Bell Inn LOST CAUSE The Lenton singers night The Runing Horse

**ACOUSTIC ROUTES** The Golden fleece

THE CALM

SMITH / WARSER GATE

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

JAZZ NIGHT

**EASY PIECES** 

Derby The Victoria

tuesday 9th **DISCIPLES FROM** MAGIC DRIVE / CINNAMON

Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands Nottm Sam Fay's

**KELLY'S HEROES** 

THE FOOTWARMERS MIND THE GAP

**PAUL JONES & DAVE KELLY** Derby The Flowerpot

wednesday 10th monday 15th

T.H. YELLOW Nottm The Golden fleece **COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM** The Running Horse

The Running Horse

The Golde Fleece

THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's PROLAPSE / FORMULA 1 / **ELECTRIC SOUND OF JOY** 

**Derby** The Victoria

thursday 11th

The Old Vic THE PLASTICS Nottm Sam Fay's **BOBBY MACK'S NIGHT TRAIN** 

> The Running Horse WIDE EYED WONDER Rock City

HARD N HEAVY

The Skyy Club

MGM

KANDYFLOSS/MENO **Derby** The Victoria

friday 12th

Nottm Rock City LEE & SHIELDS **UNSILENT MAJORITY** 

WHOLESOME FISH The Running Horse **JOHNNY JOHNSTONE DANNY & PETE (ACME)** 

Radford Marquis de Lorne THE SHOD COLLECTIVE

The Lenton **DEPARTURE LOUNGE** The Skyy Club

AB/CD Derby The Victoria Inn MUSTARD

Ollerton, Kirton The Fox

The Running Horse

Rock City

saturday 13th

HERO-SHIMA Nottm The Old Angel THE SHOD COLLECTIVE /

**ZEPHYR 6/SINGLE BASS** THE VERY GOOD ROCK & ROLL BAND Pink Lace Festival 1pm Lace Market, Broad Street WHITE ROOM

CONSUMED

**REAL TV** 

PABLO / JONATHAN **JAZZ SPIRIT** Fever

The Skyy Club THE WILDCATS OF KILKENNY **Derby** The Flowerpot **BLUES INTOXICATED** 

MONACO

The Victoria Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 14th TWICE SHY / ZOMBIE / SLIDER

THE 3rd FLOOR

Nottm Sam Fay's

The Golden Fleece DIY **SKELETON CREW** 

The Running Horse noon The Bell Inn

DR. BOB'S BAND Leics The Vaults

THE OMEGA BAND Nottm The Bell Inn **ACOUSTIC ROUTES** 

The Golden Fleece LOST CAUSE singers night

The Running Horse

tuesday 16th THE SILVER APPLES

WINDY & CARL THE AZUSA PLAIN

Space Rock Special with guest djs Nottm Sam Fay's

Kulejazz The Old Angel TIM GARLAND & DAVE WALKER The Golden Fleece

> **JAZZ GROUP** The Bell Inn THE POOZIES

> Derby The Flowerpot STRIDE MAN WIDE The Victoria

> CHINA DRUM / CABLE / CARRIE N'ampton Roadmender wednesday 17th

> **COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM Nottm** The Running Horse

> THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's JUNGLE

> The Lenton **FLATTRABBITT** Derby The Victoria

thursday 18th KING PRAWN

Nottm Rock City **ESCRIMA** MGM

BOOT The Running Horse THE VINYL JUNKIE / JAMIE

The Lenton **CONDEMNED SOUL CRUEL HUMANITY** 

Derby The Victoria

friday 19th F.E.C.K. Nottm The Old Angel

**OUT OF THE BLUE** The Running Horse WHOLESOME FISH The Lenton

JR LOADED Rock city

The Bomb SHUFFLE

The Skyy club GORILLA Derby The Victoria

THE LEVELLERS Sheffield The Leadmill

saturday 20th

**CATHODE SPECIES BLACK ROCK** Nottm The Old Angel THECALLING

Rock City PREACHER BOY The Running Horse

PETE DONALDSON Marquis de Lorne **NOEL WATSON / GLEN GUNNER** 

FLEX drum & bass night The Skyy Club KING PRAWN / JAYNE DOE **Derby** The Victoria STAFFORD GALLI

**Derby** The Flowerpot

The Bomb

sunday21st

**SEAMUS O'BLIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRISMEN** 

Nottm The Golden Fleece SNORKEL / DEADFALL **MUSTARD/GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY** 

Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands Sam Fay's

**CARNIVAL OF THIEVES** 

**JAZZ SPIRIT** The Running Horse THE FOOTWARMERS Fever noon THE RATTLERS **AKIMBO** The Bell Inn

A BAND CALLED FLYNN Derby The Flowerpot 4 TIL LATE

> Leics The Vaults monday 22nd

THE OMEGA BAND Nottm The Bell Inn LOST CAUSE

The Running Horse singers night **ACOUSTIC ROUTES** The Golden fleece

THE LEVELLERS Derby The Assembly Rooms

tuesday 23rd

**REAL TV/PULKAS MEDULLA NOCTE** Metal Hammer tour

Nottm Sam Fay's **PHIL WAYNE & BEN MARTIN** Kulejazz Langtry's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE The Bell Inn DR. HASBEEN (SPACE BANDITS) STEVE BLISS & FRIENDS The Golden Fleece

JAZZ NIGHT The Running Horse WOODY BOP MUDDY **ZEPHYR 6** 

Derby The Dolphin SKIN/THE CALLING N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 24th **COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM** 

THE FAB 4 Sam Fay's

**Nottm** The Running Horse

**BLUE MILLENNIUM** Derby The Victoria

thursday 25th **JUSTIN ROBERTSON** Nottm The Bomb

WHITE ROOM The Running Horse HARD N HEAVY

hardcore techno The Skyy Club **WILKO JOHNSON Derby** The Flowerpot

**SUPERCREEPS** The Victoria

friday 26th

MINDCORE

DJ DK

**PENTHOUSE** Nottm The Old Angel THE PAPA GEORGE BAND The Running Horse

Rock City THE HEAVENLY JUKEBOX The Bomb

close Circuit The Skyy Club **NICK MAXWELL** 

The Max The Lenton THE AINSLEY LISTER BAND **BLUES JUICE** 

Leics Phoenix Arts Centre

saturday 27th

**IDJUT BOYS** 

**ED MARTIN** 

GRAPEVINE

PABLO / JONATHAN

A/THIRD RATE

**TETLEY KNIGHTS** 

**EASY PIECES** 

JUBA

HARD RAIN

MUSTARD

DEEP

THE OMEGA BAND **Nottm** The Bomb

Whispers

The Skyy Club

The Victoria

**Derby** The Flowerpot

Mansfield Leisure Centre

sunday 28th

BADGER/HARSH/CHASER

smirnoff Battle Of The Bands

THE VINTAGE FOUR + 2

formerly Apex Jazz Men

THREE WHEEL DRIVE

THE FOOTWARMERS

SAM FAY'S

PRESENTS

LEICESTER BLUES ALL STARS

**CLIFF BYWATER** 

Chesterfield The Attic

Nottm Sam Fay's

The Golden Fleece

Marquis de Lorne

The Running Horse

**Derby** The Dolphin

Leics The Vaults

N'ampton Roadmender

noon

The Bell Inn

LOST CAUSE The Running Horse

The Running Horse **ACOUSTIC ROUTES** Marquis de Lorne The Golden fleece

**SUN WHEEL** 

SUZANNE MELLARD

**RUNAWAY BRAINS** 

**JOHNNY JOHNSTONE** 

THE OYSTERBAND

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T

& PAT SPRAKES

**CHEAP TRICK** 

**JAZZ NIGHT** 

**ROCK BITCH** 

HANG

Kulejazz

monday 29th

Nottm The Bell Inn

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## discoveral:

main pic.TINDERSTICKS photo by Phil Nicholls below LISA GERMANO opp. MOODSWINGS Reviews by Mischa Gulseven, Sam Mansour, Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel, Christy O'Neil and The Fat Dead Nazi.

> it seems that the twisted kookiness of Slush is after your soul for keeps.



TINDERSTICKS Curtains (This Way Up)

Third album in for the sextet finds them in ever more expansive and (whisper it) commercial vein. The lush strings shimmying through the opening track (pick a title from those listed on the back) may echo the misty, tortured torch realms of previous outings but wait until you hear the Cuban trumpeteer Jesús Alemañy come on board. Together with Joe de Jesus' flute playing the two lend a paradoxically bright swing to softly sawing voice of Stuart Staples. The only other singer to appear is Ann Magnuson who duets on buried Bones, but otherwise Staples dominates throughout. Touches of Almond, Brel and Waits are scattered around but this is ultimately a defiant, desolate sound that is totally Tindersticks. Baroque and beautiful.

#### GONG You Re Mixed (Gliss)

Somewhere in a field in some shire it's the mid 80's and I'm in the back of a caravanette trading part of my mind for another, poking the dying embers of a musocial lifestyle neglected by spikes and shoulderpads. For us custodians of an endangered culture the soundtrack was Hawkwind, Faust, Amon Duul and

the mighty Gong. Critics had failed to read between the cartoon imagery (unlike with Funkadelic and Zappa) to find the seminal musical lodestone within. Since that nadir the 80's festival faithful too h controls of the musicalien invasion to the heart of the 90's and their reward here is to drink deep of the well so loyally guarded. The old 16-track is treated with playful deference by the Shamen and Youth on Master Builder and a 12-minute Sprinkling Of Clouds respectively, while the Orb go their own sweet way like they do. The four-beat, one-key straightjacket is craftily slipped Houdini-like by various octave doctors revelling in the trompe l'ear inherent in this music. Even Stev Hillfish lets down his technocool guard. Compromises with various arrangements are skilfully traded off, as with master percussionist Pierre Moerlen's disappearance on some bits, which is more than made up for by Yamataki Eye's isolating and skilful splicing of some awesome 1974 Jungle. Zero's coming home, he's coming along with a shockwave of the imminent manifestation of the planet Gong in 2032. Whatever revelations await this may be album of the millenium, any millenium. One for the believers.

V. ARTISTS ... And Still No Hits (Nation) Nation records 100th release and almost ten true summers long, here's a slice of their birthday cake, presented very much like On-U's Pay It All Back Series. Welcoming Fun<da>Mental, Asian Dub Foundation, Loop Guru, Transglobal Underground, and Natacha Atlas as fellow party goers alongside our very own Deep Joy and Pablo as Permanent Revolution, a roll of honour indeed and a worthy tribute to the do-it-yourself vision of Kath Canoville and Aki Nawaz in bringing streetwise, ethno-Brit Roots fusion to the

JOHN CALE Eat/Kiss: Music From The Films Of Andy Warhol A reworking of music written by Cale for these '63/64 films, these 1995 versions exhume cohorts from many phases of his varied career, although these pieces belie such an avant reputation as his / theirs. Present and correct are the spiky, chill, uneasy bits and coupled with quirky, poppy and downright romantic bits a very effective whole is presented which is, dare one say, more interesting than its visual accompaniment. Very listenable, contemporary (almost!)

#### **VARIOUS ARTISTS**

Preaching To The Perverted (Spank) As I like a little kink from time to time I gratuitously accepted this rubber-clad S&M soundtrack disc. Almost every track consists of Hard Trance lascivious moanings from a PVCcovered social underbelly. Magnus and Maya Fiennes emblazon their perverse style on the entire score, mixing it up with their own gloved hands. For my dark pleasures the inclusion of tracks by The Aloof and Percy X were very welcome. By the ninth tune Ajare by Way Out West the mood had shifted to House. But not for too long. Ambient dubs are followed by the beautiful ambient techno-folk of Who Are You? by Omni Trio and then the classic techno sound of Percy X. The timeless amethyst by futura percs things up a tad, applying its effects to the rush of good old kinky sex in place of a little bitter sweet white speckled pill. five Star treatment

#### OP8 feat. LISA GERMANO Slush (V2)

Few voices to have emerged in recent years can match Indiana's Lisa Germano for sheer, sultry, gruff charm and here she is teamed with U.S. trio Giant Sand for their latest collaboration. Lending a slightly more countrified tone than usual to the material allows Germano's vocals to prowl restlessly through such songs as the opener Sand, a real nomadic campfire classic. She turns wistful on the strangely lyrical If I Think Of Love and delivers a beauty on the simply pleading It's A Rainbow. The instrumental OP8 sees Giant Sand lurching back into lounge jazz fields which they've explored before, then hit spooky mode for The Devil Loves L.A. Finishing with a dark version of Neil Young's Round And round

#### **GOOBER PATROL**

Extended Vacation (Them's Good) This is scary. The press release staunchly instructs us " forget everything you've ever heard "by Goober Patrol. Apparently they have left their " smile on the face of punk " image far behind." In short, " we are warned, " this beast ... rages ". I was slightly concerned that they'd taken Motorhead's lettering in vain on the cd itself; so naturally I was a bit nervous putting it in the deck, wondering if it might shoot out of my computer screen like something from an Alien movie. So I was quite relieved to find that the beast wasn't so much raging as waking up to find the milk had gone off. What you find with this album is that, yes!!, It is the GB of old but they've just sandpapered the singer's throat more (which would make you quite pissed off, I suppose). There are some brilliant tunes in here—check out We Deal You Choose and It's OK (which I swear was on a previous album) but... imagine Lemmy's voice doing a Sleeper cover and that's how out of place these vocals sound. there's nothing wrong with being the happy face of punk, guys. God knows someone's got to inject some humour into their PC-filled lives.

SKELETON KEY The World's Most Famous Undertaker (Dedicated)

A mini album that's Rock through and through, but swinging between bluesy riffs and full-on grunge. Listen to the first track and you'll think Stone Temple Pilots have come back from the dead, but by the second mellow track with lazy guitars and rumbling bassline, you're not so sure. By the end you might come to the conclusion that this kind of thing only has a limited audience these days and that they all go to Rock City on a Saturday night. Or you might decide that it's as good as American rock is going to get. Skeleton Key display varied styles and talent but above all the good sense to stick to 6 tracks for minimum rock overload. You decide.

#### BRAD Interiors (Epic)

... and talking of grunge, hands up who remembers Brad from that self-same era. It was every grunge kid's Must Have album because Stone Gossard was on guitar. Guess what? He's back again with the rest of the band, but have Brad changed their style any now that grunge has fallen down the toilet? well actually, they seem to have adapted quite well; apart from one or two dire tracks which sound like Barry Manilow complete with piano and those cheesy bongo-type drums from the 70's ) it's basically a rock/pop album with the odd guitar solo thrown in for good grunge/metal measure. having said that I can't see why anyone would pay good money for it except maybe the aforementioned Rock City crowd.

#### **DEADSTAR** *Deadstar* (Discordant)

I went to see Deadstar a couple of months ago and tapped my foot along happily enough but I didn't drop my pint sized amazement; this album is having pretty much the same effect. It's good, as indie with guitars goes, full of ace songs with strong tunes and stronger vocals. They have a lot going for them. They're a 3-piece, for a start (i.e. not another Sleeper) and their tunes have a rougher, more seductive edge than the likes of Echobelly. When I saw them, the singer was wearing the same boots as me so so top marks for taste. I say 'good

RYKERS Lesson In Loyalty (Raw / Sony) Since 1992 Germany's Rykers have been smashing the senses with New York City-style Hardcore. The transformation to a major has not mellowed them one iota; if anything they are a bit more industrial but sill have vocals to match Sheer terror and the guitars of Slapshot. Lyrically very personal with two covers, one being Motorhead's *Emergency*, the other... well, if you like Elvis you'll have a giggle.



**MOODSWINGS** 

photo: Mke Diver Psychedelicatessen (Arista)

The most appropriately named act since Metallica do genuinely deliver the broadest of musical moods in a virtually random order. The rich, ambient opening couplet Lifeforce In A Pizza and Crysmile burst open to let the swirling strings of Undistracted flow through. Such is the seamless nature of the whole disc that steel band beats mixing it with trancey dance and rock tempos seem the most natural of fusions. The project was clattered together by Grant Showbiz and JFT Hood, who sound like they've traipsed some early Pink Floyd tapes around all corners of the globe and decided that everything goes. Ever imagined a version of Redemption Song starring Tanita Tikaram stirred into a brimming Gospel soup? Yes, they offer that, too, and a whole lot more.

#### HANDSOME Handsome (EPC4867684)

This lot have enough cohesive energy to make them very appealing. Every one of the twelve tracks kicks, grinds and rocks with a slouched, long-haired, leather covered disposition of the sort which made Sisters Of Mercy and The Mission so big. Rockers will have no reason to disapprove of this band who have the consistency to make the big time in a big way.

OBLIVIANS Play 9 Songs with Mr. Quintron... (Crypt)

I know a fair few people who would love this, the X-Rays being some of them. In fact if you smashed up an X-Rays cd and a Penthouse cd, and put the bits together you'd probably end up with something sounding like this—ragged, seedy, bluesy rock'n'roll with a real garagey feel to it.

#### THE CRAMPS Big Beats From Badsville (Epitaph)

Well whip me with a wet possum, this is Louisiana swamp rock down dirty and sweaty. From the feedback soaked slime fest of God Monster From The End Of The World to the Rock City crowd pleaser Sheena's In A Goth Gang ( I suppose she got fed up of being a Punk Rocker) this oozes sex. The Cramps have been going for so long they should have the formula right by

now, but whereas a lot of bands would have mellowed with age the Cramps have become dirtier. Queen Of Pain is pure social distortion and that is no bad thing. I used to be a member of the Legion Of The Cramped fan club back in the 80's—sad enough, i know, but this disc reminds me why. Ooh, listening to this is the aural equivalent of slipping on the old leather at the end of the night, heading out into the neon glow of the street lights, knowing sleep is still several hours

#### RIVERDALES Storm The Streets

(Honest Don's Totally Beaten Brats Record I will be unable to do this review without mentioning the Ramones so here goes... Ramones, Ramones, Ramones, Riverdales, Riverdales, Ramones... get the picture? It's totally brilliant, generic as fuck but with songs like I'm Not A Freak, Mental Retard, and Kick Your Head In, this is worth ten times more than any Oasis wannabes. Drink beer ... enjoy. TFDN

I AGAINST I Top Of The World (Epitaph) Young Dutch Bad Religion-esque pop Punk, OK but not Earth shattering, their own songs are powerful in a way that Jamie Panic will understand but the bloody Beatles cover, I mean. oh fuck, it's crap! Epitaph are quick to point out that I Agains I were babies when Punk first happened, still that's no excuse for so much saccharine.

#### GEEK 3D Geek (Columbia)

It's a bit tricky being original in the musical battlefield so, aspiring to innovation has become a more worthwhile pursuit geek are innovative. The fusing of jungle beats, guitars and rock industrial vocals may have been thought of by many, disregarded as implausible by most and effectively executed by few. Geek are one of the few. Eat your words, The Fat Dead Nazi, it works. I'm Falling Over is is a little moronic but the rest has the energy to keep you tuned in. Gothic Jungle? Well at the end of the day it's just another drum pattern. Stick anything you like on top and hope it works. Geek get away

DREAM CITY FILM CLUB If I Die, I Die / Love Insane ep (Beggars Banquet)

Haunting, melancholic, methylated, melodic love songs from London's street strutting sleaze merchants named in honour of the victims of an arson attack on a porn cinema.

NEUK I.V.P./Freedom/Sick/Control

There is an awful lot of pundits who just can't see the attraction in this style of rock. Satanic sounding, raw angst vocals with heavy guitars verging on metal and steam train drums. I like these drums and the guitars are classic. As for the vocals, love them or hate them. Huge Baby fans might love them. If you're feeling pissed off this might be your tonic. SM

GLYCERINE Class A / Libido (promo) If the New York Dolls were still around and MC5 weren't so anihilistic (and dead) then they could be sounding like Glycerine. and if only Glycerine were more explosive they might have prefixed their name with 'Nitro'. This is a band which may be swept up by the torrent of hard-edged rock bands that are doing their damnedest to ignite the latter stages of the millenium. even Oasis are going for a heavier sound but, unfortunately for them, not as convincingly as some of the underground activists. Glycerine are on their way to largeness. They certainly have the bollox.

**TEENAGE FANCLUB I Don't Want To** Control You (Crescd 238)

Me and Teenage Fanclub would not see eye to eye. The title track has the right message but but with such a safe arrangement and so-so acoustic blandness, I can't see it knocking your socks off as a single. Second track The Count would have been my choice, more rock than pop with bigger electric balls. Middle Of The Road is, as it says, a return to the mood of the title track.

ARNOLD Twist (Crescd 257P)

Huge! You've all probably heard it. If ever there was a perfect pop song, this is it. In its absence you'd miss it. That is until you've had it rammed down your lugholes so much that you can"t stand it any more. For the duration of it's brief pop existence it stands to put so much chart material to shame. An indie pop anthem if ever I heard one. Classic.

GENE Speak To Me Someone (Polydor) Another gem of sheer magnificence from Drawn To The Deep End and the perfect song for when mellowing out, having a hangover or being unashamedly depressed. Gene and Rozzer. are diamonds in coal-mines and I can't rate this enough. MG

KENICKIE Punka (EMI)

Second time round and hot on the heels of the first, it's a brilliant tune which I'm amazed didn't do better in the charts. But Kenickie will have to do better than that old re-release chestnut. I whole-heartedly agree with what they're saying though; I've come across one too many Punkas for my liking during my dubious dabblings with the Underground, and it's all so true! It's almost scary but rest assured you'll never meet one who admits it. Maybe there should be help groups for the too underground and socially aware. therapy should include tunneling to Australia; after all, that's about as far underground as you can go.

MULU Pussycat (Dedicated)

Pussycat is a darkly dancey track with laid-back vocals and a catchy tune; the other tracks have less vocals and more depth and mood.



Tues - Bleuskool vs Godfather Weds-Le Betê de Bleu D.C.I (Rumpshaker) Mark (Go Tropo) Thurs - Serve Chilled Digs & Woosh (D.I.Y)

Fri - Departure Lounge

Sat-Nail & Quadrant 390 ALFRETON RD Sun-Dimanche le Bleu RADFORD, NOTTS

## demolition

reviews by Sam Manzour, christine Chapel and Christy O'Neil



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above a gentle stroll. 01332 293376

**BRILLIANTINE Shang-a-lang** 

Oh dear, this band have forgotten the bass altogether. No matter

on what system you play this demo it'll sound like a tinny tranny.

through loud and clear, TV Repair Man borrows heavily from Foxy

Faint Hendrix influences are in there, and the snare is coming

Lady, let down by strained vocals. Mitch Mitchel is also accounted

for. But where's Noel? I can't hear Noel. 01509 508267

**ELECTRIC SOUND OF JOY Neuropolitique** 

Minimal, serene slide guitar, places you in a large convertible

somewhere along along the U.S. bible belt on a humid, dusty

they are not singing they are chatting pearls of wisdom and

evening. This is Marlboro country with an English flavour. When

quirky one-liners. Some of the arrangements are subtly inspired

and the use of keyboards, although a low key affair, are effective

in maintaining that 'don't really care' feel. Don't Waste Any Time

is downright fruity without raising the energy level to anything

Maybe they were once Joe Jackson fans. A daytime Radio One

audience awaits them on some British coastal resort. Hey, kids,

Dissonant chords, dark, heavy rock drops and the most unusual

vocal treatment all go to make Senza Misura a bit of an enigma.

At least on Blackest Clouds, but less so on Resolute, a far more

straightforward affair which hangs on the vocal warble. Then they

get funky. Divided is the most commercial track on this disparate

demo and goes to show that when you're solid there's not much

Could be a British Shudder To Think, all punkified yet retaining

that slightly glam feel, especially on Confusion On The Mainline.

Bed Of Flowers is a nasal Suede, all mellow and moody. The third

track explores different avenues. Soft goth best describes Burning

that will surely define their sound, they do what they do well. Now

On The Inside, clean picked reverb guitars with a nose full vocal

they need to find their niche and that's down to gigging. 0402

5 years ago this lot would have been in with a chance of joining

Kerrang! is still about and looking for heavy metal faithfuls and

that multitude of rock bands signed to Sub Pop. Nevermind,

this lot are more than competent. Three (yes, three) guitars

reinforce their ground down sound and the production is of

this last tune, but what the hell? 0115 959 8619

**FASHION Science Fiction Stories** 

354568 / 01332 361306.

DEADFALL Fall On Dead Ears

you can't do. Maybe Annette's vocals don't work quite so well on

Shang-a-lang to the summer road show. 0191 516 0913

SENZA MISURA Surplus To Requirement

MAX PASHM (pictured) A pleasant sound like Yasser Arafini astride a Tribble Drift thang, machines gilded with percussion and wails. This Brighton-based Israeli has spent the summer honing his act on the festival circuit. Expect him on bigger stages next year. Tel. 01273 565071.

STREAM ANGEL The Seed Within (Other Seed The best of Stream Angel? Whatever next? This consists of various bits and bobs from his varied "musical career" mostly solo with few cuts from the A Band and The Inspectors, his collaborations with Dylan Bates. There is a mixture of live stuff and home recordings, recorded live in various locations from Dundee to Nottingham and in the "interests of social anthropology" Stream has "recorded, preserved and presented the (often hilarious) reactions of the audience, other bands and comperes of these events." Indeed, one exasperated Irish compere threatens to "kick the shite" out the audience for letting what he refers to as the "the shirtlifting corpration of England" last for "fifty nine minutes, and not one of yez banged the fooking gong! "Judging from the last few seconds of the performance caught here, he was

Of the recording technology Stream says, "while I don't feel that the sound technology is strictly 'lo-fi', it was recorded using very basic technology— in most cases with a tape recorder in the middle of the room, or with normal cassette decks linked to each other and the instruments plugged direct in. "Referring to his lack of computers, midi, keyboards, etc. he thinks most "professional musicians" would laugh at his set-up. But despite these apparent technical limitations he has managed to create something of value and worth. I mean, why make a boring house record wasting thousands of pounds worth of equipment and studio time. This is not throwaway music, although I bet some of the people concerned thought it was at the time, and it is a Best Of... so be sure there was some real shit produced along the way and even i this only proves that if you throw enough some will stick, there is no denying the artfulness. In fact there is a spot-on exposé of the shallowness of House music called Jack To The Sound Of The Underground, along with poetry, spoken word, classical, chanting, industrial, ambient and ethereal music, a downright hilarious Pinky and Perky on acid pantomime piano piece, and *The A-Band Long & Quiet Piece*, the only track recorded in a 'proper' studio. There are also two tracks from The A-Band recorded live at Sam Fay's, generally agreed to be the only time they played a set with shape, form, rhythm and even the odd tune. There's also a cameo appearance by one Kip Highbury, once editor of the legendary Scoop! magazine. Essentially an album of audio sketches from the unsung underground of tape swappers, bedroom boffins, art school bullshitters, Noel Coward fans, Goonery, Benny Hill buffoonery and eclectic eccentrics who keep Britain untidy, cc releasable quality. Progressive they are not but nor are they making it a far more interesting place. Stream on!

TRA LA LA No Frills Skunk Anansie made it too big too quickly for them to have a backlog of shakey demos in their closet. Tra la La are the past that Skunk Anansie never had. A demo tape format does little to show this band at their best but does, however, provide enough of an insight into what to expect from them live. Tempered punk that would probably impress a lot more in a sweaty venue on a big brash p.a. No frills indeed. 01203 715411

deficient in any of the qualities required for them to take their place on Sunset Boulevard and that West Coast clique.

**LOVELENDER** Kansas

Boy, this singer is gruff. The sound of Nottingham rock is heavy and Lovelender know it. Overriding everything is a barrage of distorted guitars— Lovelender can do that too. When Nottingham turns its hand to House music it's deep and chunky. When it's funk it's fat and fruity; and when we're talking rock it's thick and heavy. There is a treacle gravity to Nottingham's music that dominates everything, all this altitude training will pay off and when it does Lovelender will be there alongside their fat peers. (0115) 962 6198 / 985 8318

WAYNE ZENITH Back Door To The Future Very rude lyrics about "fucking, sucking" etc. Wayne has " the key to your lovebox, baby, and the meat to your sausage roll, " constantly reminding us that he has an erection. Well, I hope you get laid soon, mate; blunt and to the point is definitely one tactic. drums to side one, just acoustic punk energy strum and throaty vocals. Changing to electric guitar through a practice amp half way through is a progressive move. It might work. There was no cover to this offering because, and I quote, "I'm not allowed anything sharp."

UNKNOWN STUNTMAN

A fun band, basic but effective with some strange chord progressions and weird squeaks. Reminds me a bit of Adam Ant circa Jubilee. Off the wall and fruity. 0116 299 2755

MORT YENSID Rez: Mort demo #5

The late Disney may well have had a fixation with Nine Inch Nail. " I want to fuck you like a big, squelchy alien,"—— this is the wonderful world of Rathbone & Setchel, two fucked up minds indeed. Mort Yensid have embarked upon a journey of sonic bigness with a piece of prince techno kit under each octopus arm. Their luxurious soundscapes place them at the forefront of rock/dance half-breeds and poised to take on the underworld. The sounds are reassuringly gargantuan with guitars that slot perfectly into place. The lyrics remain undecipherable, sung in a mutant Toyah Wilcox with attitude tone. Would Toyah have sung with King Crimson? On this demo the combination has been explored. The aural space race is on. There are no winners in this game, just participants of varying calibre. Mort Yensid are high—high as a space shuttle, in fact. all that these creatures of the night need to do is keep it going. Carry on knob twiddling.

**CARLOS LOUNGE** 

When you've heard Billy Holliday, Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong string out inspired renditions of Summertime you just can't help being sceptical at the thought of someone else having a go. But ambition being the driving force of success, you must admire them a little. This is swing with DJ scratching and sweet sax. It does work, but even more so on the tunes that aren't already standards. So it's not until the second, laid back, soulful, jazz track that the beauty of this ensemble shines through. Smooth jazz funk is their forté with a sax rabbiting away. Conversational and at times trbally rhythmic, it's slick yet abundant in character. A pinch of Portishead and Massive Attack doesn't go amiss either. (0115) 978 3261

THE IMPOSSIBLE Dirt Boy

This is light, fluffy and sort of punky, in a girly kind of way. I can see the skill but I became bored quite quickly. It lacks the vitality of good dog food and the richness of good sleaze, leaving them in No Man's Land. It might have had a bit more impact twenty years ago with drainpipes, white socks loafers and black make-up. In 1997, however, it doesn't quite cut the cheesecloth.

THE BAGHDADDIES Asyadee

Kinda beaty, bastardised Balkan pop music, somewhere between Wholesome Fish and Caravanserai, which is not a bad place to be. 0191 272 3026

THE RIG Planet Earth

How often do you get New Romantics, Goths, leather clad rockers, students and anything else you could care to mention all dancing together to Whitney Houston or the Housemartins? Every Monday at that place with the low ceiling called The Rig. It's a cheap Monday night out and a good laugh and I'll bet you any money that that you'll end up singing along to the cheesey 80's music, dodgy as all of it is. So forget having a relaxing wind down from a mad weekend and go and get shitfaced instead, that way you won't remember much of it.

RITZY'S Thursday Night

Wayhey! An offer I couldn't refuse: going for a bop at Ritzy's on a Thursday night. It's the usual commercial music upstairs, down in The Zone they were playing all sorts including Happy Hardcore. The highlight of my night was getting thrown out along with the lad I pulled; I won't go into why we were thrown out but it was fun. All I had to do was sit outside for an hour in the cold until everyone else finished dancing to all that great music and pulled some dodgy beer pig. I'm raring to go again, dance to Spice Girls and Peter Andre and get lost in the wonder that is commercial dance music. But I think I'm going to buy some diorrhea tablets for all the shit that keeps coming out my mouth before I go again.

#### **ESSANCE** Just Let It All Out

There's a rumour that there are more women than blokes in Nottingham. Not true, it's the other way around, or at least that was the case this Friday night. They didn't bother me. Garfield, in the very noticeable red suit, was playing hard and happy house along with another DJ... sorry, I didn't get the name. There's another night coming up which I suggest you pop down to cause it's dead cheap, a good laugh and, compared to other nights at Essance, pretty much empty. This means you can sprawl all over the dance floor without worrying about treading on several other people treading on you— obvious really!

THE SKYY CLUB Fever / The Acid Disco

My fave night at Skyy is Fever, a Saturday night groove party of sizzling jazz, cool funk, Latin, Cuban, hip hop, soul and other music as long as it has The Groove with a DJaccompanied live percussion jam in the back room with things to shake and bang if you've had enough of passively dancing. In fact these guys manage to turn the "chill out" room into the main event every fortnight without fail. With the indefatigable DJ Pablo, Jazz Spirit and Jonathan, it's hot, hot, hot and heaps better than the usual four:four Friday fare. The Acid Disco is just as it sounds, with many obscure disco tunes stretched out and doctored with bleeps and swirly pauses but it's disco dancing that's the main theme. Two of the least pretentious nights in what is anyway the city's least pretentious club. Be prepared to perspire.

SAM FAY'S Jazznology

Anything from jazz to technology, apparently, and indeed Simon The Vinyl Junkie covers it all. The playlist tonight included a cut from Mind The Gap's The Positive Side mixed with a dance beat, a fair smattering of jazzy drum and bass, a bit of R&B, Swing (yuk!) and soul, and some ancient reggae, a cool track called Sticks Man. The emphasis is on chilled, laidback, groovy stuff and a special offer of two drinks for the price of one keeps the beer garden buzzing to the end.

THE MILE HIGH CLUB

Actually took place a mile underground in a basement full of the In Crowd. This ocktail lounge style sixties celebratios have was pretty laid back affair. As well being complete with lava lamps, oil lamps and cheesy mirror ball, there are TVs showing cult movies and TV shows from the sixties, and there are original Super Stereo Action Sounds from the Invisible Man who might have forgotten more sixties themes than you'll ever know except that, since he is invisible, he has been able to come and go in and out of studios as he pleased, recording whatever he wanted and storing in his one inch magnetic bandages for posterity, and now has more than seventy hours of it to wrap around us. So look out for the next Mile High Club event and Go Go to the Bongo Beats. **Christine Chapel** 

## ON Y UA QUI MAL DANSE

#### mondaze

MONUMENTAL The Lenton Dj Mike Wilding PLANET EARTH The Rig 80's disco **ROCK NIGHT** 

The Zone

tuesdaze

**JAZZNOLOGY** DJ Simon'The Vinyl Junkie'

SOLE JAM The Cookie Club

STUDENT MANIA

ON ONE / PLANET KAHUNA The Essance PLAY

Indie/Brit pop EASY DOES IT

BLEUSKOOL vsGODFATHER

#### wednesdaze

LA BÊTE DE BLEU D? CI? / Mark Tropo Café Bleu BEATLEMANIA Sam Fay's The Fab 4 **BRAIN SALAD** The Lenton CUSH INDIE GO GO

The Cookie Club

DJ CRAP

The Arboretum Manor

thursdaze BEAT DA BOMB

The Bomb SERVE CHILLED AGAIN Café Bleu Digs & Woosh

STUDENT NIGHT De Luxe

JEUDI Rock City Student Night HEADS The Lenton

TOP BANANA

ZERO G

QUALITY COUNTS

HARD N HEAVY

DJ CHOPPER

The Arboretum Manor

The Maze

The Skyy Club

fridaze

BOMBARDEMENT **DEPARTURE LOUNGE** 

Café Bleu GO TROPO / BREEZE **SMOKESCREEN** 

The Bomb

The Skyy Club

**HOT LIZARD** Deluxe **BIG BANG** 

Rock City LE FREAK

The Rig HOT BUTTER/ FRENZY Beatroot

The Cookie Club RETRO INDIE

RETRO

Pieces INTERCLUB The Essance

SHIMMER The Zone

MIXIN' / LOUNGIN' Whispers

DJ STEVE NORTH The Arboretum Manor

**FUNKY FRIDAYS** Lizard Lounge

saturdaze

The Rig

Deluxe

Café Bleu

The Rig DROP THE BOMB

The Maze FEEL GOOD

The Cookie Club

**ALTERNATIVE NIGHT** Rock City

**ROCK NIGHT** 

**NAIL & QUADRANT** 

FEVER / WIGGLE

Skyy Club house trance techno The Lenton

Beatroot **BRIT POP** 

The Zone SONIC The Essance

NO EGO

INDIE BEAT

Dis Traxx & Ray Spruce

Whispers DJ MARK

> The Arboretum Manor sundaze

JAZZ AT THE BELL

The Bell Inn SERVE CHILLED / LOVE The Skyy Club

JUST THE TONIC The Essance

The Old Vic Comedy Club DIMANCHE LE BLEU

Café Bleu BATTLE OF THE BANDS

LADIES

Sam Fay's **ACNA Centre**